

Let me conclude with the words of Prof. William Van Alstyne, in a 1979 law review article:

... one gets beyond racism by getting beyond it now: by a complete, resolute, and credible commitment never to tolerate in one's own life—or in the life or practices of one's government—the differential treatment of other human beings by race. Indeed, that is the great lesson for government itself to teach: in all we do in life, whatever we do in life, to treat any person less well than another or to favor any more than another for being black or white or brown or red, is wrong. Let that be our fundamental law and we shall have a Constitution universally worth expounding.

This is "Rites of Passage: Race, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution:" in the Chicago Law Review. I have to say I fully agree with that.

Mr. President, this is an important set of issues. We cannot ignore them. We are going to divide this country more than ever if we keep doing this system of preferences that has been going on in this administration and, alas, unfortunately, in some prior administrations as well. I hope that we can do a lot about this. I hope that we will make headway against these preferences and these inappropriate treatments of fellow American citizens as we move on into the future.

I hope the administration will pay attention to some of the things that I have brought up here today.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF SECRETARY OF COMMERCE RON BROWN

Mrs. FEINSTEIN. Mr. President, I would like to comment briefly on the tragic death of Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown, which occurred last week in Croatia.

I have known Ron Brown and his family for 12 years. Ron was a friend of mine, and a friend of the State of California. One of his first duties as Commerce Secretary was to find ways to resuscitate California's economy, and he helped to do just that. Ron Brown made the Department of Commerce a positive force for helping the largest State in the Union recover from the devastating recession of the early 1990's.

Ron had a vision of a prosperous America, where the cliché that "a rising tide lifts all boats" could actually come true. He focused his Department and this administration on looking for opportunities to help the American economy make the transition from the era of heavy industry to an era of high technology, scientific innovation, and the advancement of the current revolution in communications.

Ron helped formulate this vision, made sure that his Department gave grants and other forms of assistance to firms pursuing it, and at the time of his death was advocating that vision to other parts of the world.

But even more important than his career was the man himself. Always upbeat, with ceaseless energy, Ron

could persuade the most vehement skeptic of the value of his vision and efforts for our country. He served in a variety of roles, and in each he excelled. His days as an effective leader with the National Urban League demonstrates this, where he became deputy executive director, general counsel and vice president of the Urban League's Washington, DC office.

Ron Brown's boundless energy and commitment to excellence did not stop at the National Urban League. It continued to help him break racial boundaries and become the first African-American to head a major political party, helping to elect the country's first Democratic President in 12 years; the first African-American to become a partner in his powerful Washington, DC law firm; and the first African-American to take the helm at the U.S. Department of Commerce.

I know of no chairman of the Democratic National Committee who was better regarded, whose fundraising calls were more frequently returned, or whose hardships and public statements were more well regarded—Ron Brown was tops.

In my view, Ron Brown's stewardship as Secretary of Commerce was unparalleled. He truly cared about his work and those the Department serves, and the record reflects accurately billions of dollars in trade and new business that will, in the future, benefit this country's businesses and industrial base.

I find the circumstances of his untimely death to be particularly poignant. Here he was, leading a group of business people and his staff, on a mission of peace to the war torn land of the former Yugoslavia.

He did not wait for peace to be restored. He went when risks of hostile action were still present. He did not wait for pleasant weather before springing into action. And, he did not just work on economic issues. He also spent time with our troops over there, to let them know we support their efforts.

Mr. President, we have lost a great American in Ron Brown. Whether it was politics, or crafting legislation for the Senate, or civil rights, or military service, or being a husband and a father, Ron Brown was a great patriot, and a great human being. I shall always treasure the relationship he and I had, and I shall miss him terribly.

To Alma Brown and Tracy, who have traveled with me in the campaign, I send my heart and prayers. With all his family, I share an unrelenting emptiness and sadness. I will miss the phone calls, the smile, the exploits from progress, and, most of all, his abiding and consummate belief in all of us.

LUCIUS WADE EDWARDS JULY 18,
1979–APRIL 4, 1996

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, on March 14 of this year, one of the most impressive young men I have ever met came

to my office, accompanied by his justifiably proud mother. Lucius Wade Edwards, 16, had just come from the White House. He had visited with First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton who praised him for having been 1 of the 10 finalists in a contest sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Voice of America.

His father, John R. Edwards; his mother, Elizabeth Anania Edwards, and his younger sister, Kate, accompanied him to the White House living quarters for his visit with Mrs. Clinton.

Wade was being honored for his having written a poignant essay entitled, *What It Means To Be An American*. Wade described going with his father to vote.

It was, as I said at the outset, Mr. President, March 14, 1996, when Wade and his dear mother stopped by my office. Three weeks later, on April 4, Wade died in an automobile accident that involved no carelessness, no recklessness, no failure to wear his seatbelt. It was just one of those tragic things that happen, and it snuffed out the life of this remarkable young man.

Mr. President, in a moment I shall ask unanimous consent that two important insertions into the RECORD be in order. The first will be the text of the award-winning essay written by Wade. It is entitled "Fancy Clothes and Overalls."

The second is an account, published in the Raleigh News and Observer on April 4, 1996, relating to the tragic death of Wade Edwards.

I now ask unanimous consent, Mr. President, that the two aforementioned documents be printed in the RECORD at the conclusion of my remarks and in the order specified by me.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

FANCY CLOTHES AND OVERALLS

(By Wade Edwards)

A little boy and his father walk into a firehouse. He smiles at people standing outside. Some hand pamphlets to his father. They stand in line. Finally, they go together into a small booth, pull the curtain closed, and vote. His father holds the boy up and shows him which levers to move.

"We're ready, Wade. Pull the big lever now."

With both hands, the boy pulls the lever. There it is: the sound of voting. The curtain opens. The boy smiles at an old woman leaving another booth and at a mother and daughter getting into line. He is not certain exactly what they have done. He only knows that he and his father have done something important. They have voted.

This scene takes place all over the country.

"Pull the lever, Yolanda."

"Drop the ballot in the box for me, Pedro."

Wades, Yolandas, Pedros, Nikitas, and Chuis all over the United States are learning the same lesson: the satisfaction, pride, importance, and habit of voting. I have always gone with my parents to vote. Sometimes lines are long. There are faces of old people and young people, voices of native North Carolinians in southern draws and voices of naturalized citizens with their foreign accents. There are people in fancy clothes and others dressed in overalls. Each has exactly